Blood Crime

Walking through the mall
Checking all the stores
Everything I see
Looks toxic to me
Wanted to pay cash
But you just sell trash

Stacks of cooled meat cry
Why would you buy?
If you eat my flesh
And adrenalin rush
You go be a dog
No more chance for good

Somewhere green grass grows
Soft hands milk the cows
Anything dairy
Kills your fantasy
Mother's milk was fine
In my baby time

When I get to die
Serve me as a pie
Tibetan vulture
Be my butcher
If you give a fuck
No doc slice me up